

The **Quill**

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

IN THIS ISSUE

I DON'T LIKE STUFFED NEWSPAPERS! • By Tom Wallace

HOW DO YOU RATE WITH YOUR CARRIERS? • By Arthur Lentz

WHY WEEKLIES FAIL— • By David M. Nichol

THE MAGAZINE OF CONTROVERSY— • By Clementine Hall

SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A NOVEL— • By Thomas W. Duncan

GETTING THE NEWS OUT OF SPAIN • By J. C. Oestreicher

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THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

OF all the departments in a newspaper plant the one maligned the most is the reference department—call it that, morgue, scraparium or what-have-you. I've always regarded it as one of the most important departments in the business—for it's the newspaper's memory.

Regardless of all of that, however, some of the stories told about the morgues of the nation's papers are priceless. Here's one that, as far as we are concerned, gets All-American rating (we'll not mention the newspaper involved):

The editor wanted a large cut of Eiffel Tower used in conjunction with a story. He sent a desk man to the reference department. The one-man staff of that department was out. The editorial man, in a hurry, decided to look for himself since the boss was in such a hurry.

He looked under the "E's." Not there. Then he tried "Paris." No luck there, either. Muttering a few appropriate remarks about the filing system, he figured he'd try the "T's" for "Towers." It yielded nothing.

"That fool never could spell—he's probably got it filed under the 'T's,'" he decided. The "T's," however, yielded no photo of Eiffel Tower.

Back to the Editor went the desk man. "Nothing there," he reported briefly.

"What!" exploded the Editor. "No photograph of Eiffel Tower? What kind of a newspaper is this, anyway? What kind of a reference department are they running up there?"

Everyone got very busy very fast.

BILL! he ordered. His prize reporter, rewrite man, and all-around utility man jumped.

"Bill!" repeated the boss. "You get up there and bring me back a picture of the Eiffel Tower."

"On the way," returned Bill—and was off. Five minutes—perhaps more—passed and he was back.

"Sorry, boss," he reported, "I looked every possible place I could think of and I can't raise you a picture of that tower."

The Editor appeared on the verge of a stroke. "Of all the g—" he began. Just then the one-man reference department staff walked in, whistling.

[Concluded on page 19]

I Don't Like Stuffed Newspapers!

Wherein an Outspoken Editor Voices Comment and Criticism Relative to Business and Editorial Departments of Newspapers

By **TOM WALLACE**

Editor, the Louisville (Ky.) Times

THERE is much in common between the editor who knows his business and the advertiser who knows his business.

All good advertising is good showmanship, regardless of its vehicle of expression or its aim. The advertiser who coins a good phrase does what the editor wishes to do, and as a coiner of phrases he has the advantage of the editor in that he may use the phrase until it has become a part of the language, or languages, in which it is printed.

There was kinship of craftsmanship between the, to me, unknown genius who wrote, "If love grows cold do not despair, there's Ypsilanti underwear," and the late Henry Watterson, who wrote, "To Hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs."

Each was practicing the art of salesmanship.

EVERY headline writer practices the art of the advertiser, under the hampering restrictions, in most newspapers, of severely conventional headline forms which smear news pages with "tots" and other words abominable to the mind that is highly cultivated, but wholly uninformed about the problems of the headline writer.

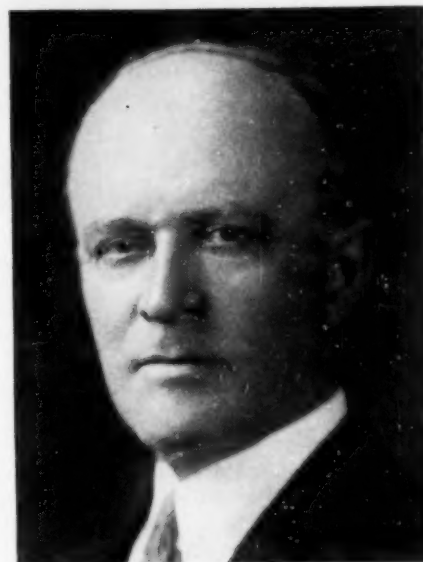
The managing editor who is not a good advertising man is not a good managing editor.

The editorial page that is entirely devoted to erudition, to profundity, to perfection of English—even to humor, which is precious, while erudition is cheap, is at fault.

The editorial page should advertise the paper by winning the kindly regard, the affection and respect, of its circulating territory, through advertising the aims of the paper.

To do that it must understand the problems of its readers and lend a hand in their affairs. It must warm to their efforts in the right direction, grow hot and blow hot at their efforts in what it believes the wrong direction. It must aim at fellowship, not merely leadership.

It should be written in the vernacular, but that does not mean it must not be well written. The great Watterson of Kentucky, and of America, and world journalism, was unafraid to reveal the treasures of a well-stored mind; the learning of a man broadly and deeply read. But he knew how to appeal to the man at the plow handles, and, as the English say nowadays, the man in the cinema.



Tom Wallace

WATTERSON was a P. T. Barnum of the editorial page. P. T. presented the Swedish nightingale the Siamese Twins, the Wild Man of Borneo, Jumbo.

Watterson presented the Star-Eyed Goddess of Reform, invited 10,000 unarmed Kentuckians to march on Washington, pictured a political party walking through a slaughter house to an open grave.

There was kinship between Joseph Pulitzer, greatest American publisher, and Theodore Roosevelt, whose circus instinct was like Barnum's. Teddy waged grim-visaged war against "malefactors of great wealth," "possessors of swollen fortunes," "burglars and second-story men." Pulitzer, more dignified and restrained, more forceful, devoted his papers to war upon "the

TOM WALLACE usually has something to say—and he has a way of saying it that makes it stick.

That's why, when we heard he'd addressed a meeting of advertising men in Chicago some months back, we wrote to ask if he'd let us have a copy of his remarks to use in *THE QUILL*. We figured there'd be plenty of meat in what he said, plenty that would be worth passing on to you.

We weren't disappointed—and we don't believe you will be.

Editor of the Louisville (Ky.) Times since 1930, he has been a dominant figure in journalism both within and without his state for more than a quarter century. With the exception of service with the Cincinnati Post and the St. Louis Republic, together with time out for a round-the-world trip for a feature syndicate, he has spent his time in Louisville, having been associated with the Times, Dispatch, Post, Herald-Courier-Journal and the Times, in that order.

predatory rich and the predatory poor."

Both had, as every able publicist has, the soul of the advertising man; the technique of the successful advertiser. Pulitzer might have made an able President, had he not been engrossed in a more satisfying and vastly more profitable vocation. Roosevelt did not make his mark as an editor. But a difference in caliber, in quality, rather than in aim separated the President of the United States and the publisher of the *New York World*.

IT is my belief that in these days of tremendous growth of syndicated features, a very great many publishers, to the injury of their papers in the hearts of readers, and as vehicles of advertising which should make themselves felt as personalities at every fire-side, are forgetting to advertise their own business adequately, and over-advertising the business of others.

I am not saying that there are no vitamins in newspaper canned goods. I am merely contending that no publisher, no newspaper, should rely too much upon such commodities.

I have been harping on this subject for several years, but I must borrow the words of a distinguished colleague, Grover Cleveland Hall, editor of *The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser*, who says typical newspaper editorial pages nowadays are so stuffed with canned goods that they have no more individuality than 4,000 English sparrows or as many oily French sardines.

GREAT publishers—practical publishers—have striven for uniqueness in their publications. Really great publishers know some sort of distinction in the editorial department—which includes, but is by no means only the editorial page—is the basis of newspaper fame.

To be unique, and not content with mere equality with competitors is the aim of the publisher who is a good advertiser.

I might mention in this connection, Lord Northcliffe, whose office slogan was "a splash," in news columns every morning, and who would not publish advertisements which marred the news make-up—bulldog ads he called them.

Joseph Pulitzer held that a newspaper must be the attorney of the people, not a chronicler only.

Bennett built the *New York Herald* on blood and thunder and gossip of society, the stage, sports and art museums.

Charles A. Dana relied upon bril-

liant writing all through the paper to advertise it.

Adolph Ochs and Carr Van And, of the *New York Times*, made the world their oyster, and gave the readers the impress of their leadership in news presentation.

Bovard of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, who always has something prominently displayed, that originates in the *Post-Dispatch*, and Roy A. Roberts of *The Kansas City Star and Times*, who wants Kansas City and its surroundings to have a newspaper unlike those of St. Louis and Chicago, aggressively, strikingly, unlike, are very practical advertising men.

Fred Fuller Shedd, who holds for the *Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia 500,000 circulation by knowing and presenting the news and problems of the neighborhood, is a great editor—an advertiser without ballyhoo.

THERE is a British correspondent who says American newspaper readers are divided into two classes, those who say they read Walter Lippmann regularly, and don't do it, and those who say they never read Walter Winchell and read him regularly.

But there are still readers galore who want something more than Lippmann's wisdom or Winchell's wit; who want more than mere entertainment in the home newspaper; who demand of it friendship, pluck, battle-mindedness, knowledge of, interest in, an appetite for problems on the doorstep—and problems of the State and the country.

How the genius of Joseph Pulitzer provided that in the *New York World*, beloved American institution, is newspaper history. And to Pulitzer the business office was of secondary importance. Read his biography, by Don Seitz, and you will see that his daily concernment with the editorial department, with the news columns and the editorial page reflected his reliance upon the "editorial end" as the money-maker; and his was, like Northcliffe's, the dazzling success of a publisher with an editor's point of view—an advertising man in an editorial chair.

The *World's* advertising value was by no means that of a given circulation only, but that of the *World*, a widely advertised attorney of the people.

Lord Northcliffe said to a reporter: "Take a Rolls-Royce when you go to see a man of importance. It makes a better impression than a cheaper car."

Northcliffe, his biographers indicate, relied more on the advertising value of the news departments than on the

editorial page. He would not have a picture or an article that did not appeal to people of good information and good taste, as he wanted his columns to give his papers the best kind of advertising.

Pulitzer relied more upon the editorial page, keeping the news columns co-ordinated with the editorial page. The paper's purpose, as a public servant, was what he wanted advertised.

THE newspaper whose head conceives of it as a business enterprise in which news and editorial departments must be under the thumb of the business office sacrifices the greatest advertising a newspaper can procure, and no amount of display advertising will counterbalance that loss.

The publisher should be the advertiser of his newspaper as the soap manufacturer should be the advertiser of his soap.

It has been said that if a man make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

Not if his neighbor makes a trap that will catch mice, and builds his factory in town, and sets up his sales-room on a prominent corner, and advertises that his is the better mouse-trap, or a good mouse-trap.

ADVERTISING is one of the greatest forces in the world.

A composer, who may have once seen the Danube blue, wrote a waltz, "The Blue Danube," and to the world the stream is forever blue, although in fact it is usually brown or yellow.

"The Blue Mediterranean" is not really one of the world's bluer seas, but as a southern sea to northern Europe, it long ago became well advertised.

"Sunny Spain" is a phrase, of ancient coinage, which creates belief that all of Spain is always summer-like.

But people who know Spain speak of the climate of Madrid as six months of winter and six months of hell, and even southern Spain sometimes is bleakly cold and gray.

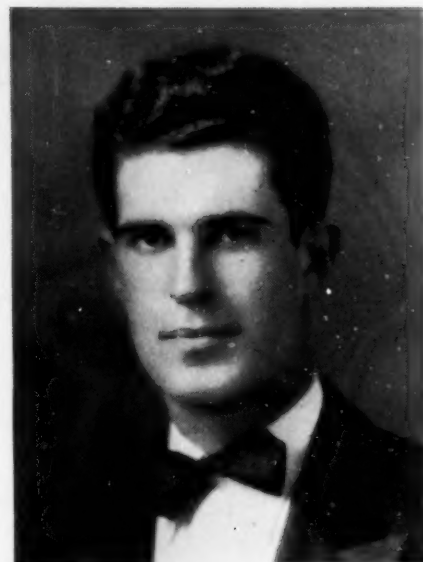
The better tourist trap, if climate is the traveler's dream, may be the Bahamas, the Bermudas, Florida, Cuba or any of numerous countries caressed by the waves of the Caribbean, but "Sunny Spain," "Sunny Italy" and "The Blue Mediterranean" still are visited by winter tourists, who go to bask under summer sun and azure sky and

[Concluded on page 11]

How Do You Rate With Your Carriers?

By **ARTHUR LENTZ**

Assistant Circulation Manager, the Madison (Wis.) Capital Times



Arthur Lentz

CIRCULATION building by means of intensive carrier promotion has long been the objective of many daily newspapers.

Most any circulation manager attempting promotion in an intensive way has sought to develop his carrier organization into an effective sales group. Books and carrier boy sales manuals are countless and even the firms whose sole business it is to prescribe a remedy for ailing circulation departments have as the main ingredient, this phase of promotion. In no small way, carrier boy promotion has proceeded to a very high degree of perfection, at least to the method, if not the application.

Yet I feel that there is something lacking in the results of carrier promotional methods and I draw this observation from experience gained in circulation departments of mid-western dailies ranging from 25,000 to 250,000 readers. The fault, I think, lies in the misapplication of promotional methods and even more so in the lack of appreciation of the fact that good will of the carrier organization has a very direct bearing on the results of circulation building.

I believe this is generally true of any circulation department failing of proper success in carrier promotion. Let me explain:

GOOD WILL is an intangible but highly important factor in the success of a newspaper. This is recognized by every department, editorial, advertising, or the business office. The circulation department is perhaps the best judge of that, since it comes directly in contact with the readers of the paper. But I have found that the good will of the carrier organization is often overlooked as a possible means of strengthening the appeal of the newspaper in the community.

Too many times it is believed that, in teaching your carrier organization the principles of good business methods as related to their work; or in training them to be producers, once developed, the organization functions

to its best whenever utilized. In most cases, it does not seem to work out that way.

For this reason: too little attention is paid to the treatment of the carrier boys and to the little details of everyday adjustment of their varied problems. However good your promotional and training methods, the results are poor unless the carriers hold you, the employer, in a favorable light. And that doesn't arrive until they have the feeling that you are a "square shooter."

CARRIER boys have been fondly called "young business men." They are trained as such; the highest of ideals and ethical conduct pointed out to them. Yet, in many cases, circulation managers directly contradict themselves by their treatment of the boys. It may be in the most minor detail that the incident occurs but it raises a question in the carrier's mind as to the real value and importance of what you are trying to teach your organization.

To train your carriers to be accurate in keeping their records and to be slipshod in your own carrier records hurts the morale of the organization. Be niggardly in your allowance

of credits or commissions when they are deserved; refuse to analyze routes to find out why the carriers have extras and then hold them to the "slack"; be slow to recognize their good work; and then see the change in their attitude toward you and their job. In other words, a circulation manager must practice what he preaches.

Unconsciously or intentionally, carrier promotion often resolves into carrier exploitation and, if it does, you can blame it on the fact that you are not treating them as young business men but as dumb kids although you expect an intelligent performance from them. Boys are quick to find out your faults and their worth to you is exactly what you make it by your everyday treatment of them and their many problems. If they know you are a square shooter, they'll respect you and work with you.

[Concluded on page 11]

HERE'S a forthright article on an angle of newspaper publishing that isn't always discussed or considered as fully as it should be—the way in which circulation men handle the boys who sell newspapers.

Why not check up on the treatment YOUR carrier boys are getting? Are they being made to "eat" papers? Are they "fined," made to come into the office to "explain" cancellations, "bawled out"?

Arthur Lentz, who wrote the article, is assistant circulation manager of the Madison (Wis.) Capital Times. A graduate of Iowa State University, he was editor of two small city papers, served for a time with the Associated Press and as carrier promotion agent in Hardin County, Iowa, for the Des Moines Register-Tribune before going to Madison.



David M. Nichol

THE illnesses of small newspapers, particularly of weeklies, may be diagnosed in two classes.

There is the type that infests business offices. Scarlet ink in the ledger books is a symptom of its most advanced stages. It is well known and easily recognized for it has been epidemically prevalent in recent years. Its earlier phases reveal themselves in shrinking advertising and circulation revenues, and in a grouchy-tempered business manager if the establishment is large enough to possess one.

A second, but closely-related variety, ravages the newspaper end of the firm. It atrophies news sense, deadens editorial vigor, brings unambitious headlines, sloppy makeup and writing, and eventually leaves the staff playing cribbage with the fire chief or bemoaning conditions to each other.

THE business office disease springs from advertising revenues, and their absence. Advertising revenues vary with circulation and reader interest. Reader interest is almost entirely dependent on the skill and ambition of the newspaper staff. Elementary? Perhaps, but it carries the genesis of the best answer to today's problems.

More attention must be centered on the actual production of a newspaper, one that brings interesting and fresh material to its readers with each new issue, one that meets at least a few of the recognized standards of modern newspaper craftsmanship.

Once this is realized, circulation and advertising difficulties diminish. There is some reason, other than habit or local loyalty, for buying the paper. Advertising becomes worthwhile because people read it.

Why Weeklies Fail—

Most of Them, Asserts This Editor, Try Too Much; Miss Local Features

By DAVID M. NICHOL

Editor, the Iron River (Mich.) Reporter

MOST weeklies attempt too much. They try to supply all the features of the great metropolitan newspapers that penetrate to even the smallest hamlet. In their gropings to maintain interest and its dependent chain of circulation and advertising revenue, weekly editors and publishers usually turn to syndicated fiction, features, columns, articles, news cuts, even editorials. They crowd out much that might be locally interesting for the sake of this external material.

In many other instances they must meet the more intense competition of smaller dailies in neighboring cities or counties. Frequently these papers maintain a news bureau or correspondent in the district served by the weekly, and the result is a continuous headache for the weekly editor unfortunate enough to possess even a moderately matured news sense. Most of them overlook, however, the main field in which the daily does not and cannot compete with them.

FEW dailies will trouble themselves with features from their county correspondents. More often, few county correspondents will write them. To the weekly these may be a source of

constant interest. No community is so without activity that an ambitious reporter cannot discover an unusual hobby or travel experience, a new invention locally nurtured, some little known fact in the district's history, or any of the tremendous range of subjects that make readable articles.

Here the weeklies have an exclusive field. They are writing about their localities and their peoples and nothing could be more interesting to their readers. It means hard work, but it is productive labor.

The little everyday happenings frequently are ignored. Someone breaks an ankle. To a neighbor it is news. A child is born, an automobile smashed, a student wins high honors, the city commissioners squabble, a teacher adopts new training methods, an endless variety of other incidents are news in the strictest sense of the word.

IF it is national legislation or economic trends that an editor would explain—and who wouldn't in this day of terrific change—there is in every community some principal activity these forces effect.

[Concluded on page 15]

INSTEAD of trying to supply all the features that the metropolitan papers offer, observes David M. Nichol, editor of the Iron River (Mich.) Reporter, in the accompanying article, weekly newspaper editors should look for local news features which the metropolitan papers will not have.

He suggests that they slant their handling of national news in relation to the territory they are serving—if it is an agricultural community that they pay particular interest to farm problems, if a mining area to news relating to that industry, etc.

Mr. Nichol has been editor of the Iron River Reporter, a semi-weekly paper, since October, 1933. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1932 and received his master's degree in 1933.

The Magazine of Controversy

The Story of Forum Magazine

By CLEMENTINE HALL

AMERICA'S Magazine of Controversy, with the March issue, celebrated its first half-century of straight-thinking. Never before in the history of the world has there been such a universal upheaval of all the fundamental bases of living. Through this chaotic transition the *Forum* magazine, under the leadership of Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, has kept an even keel and commands a definite response from those who read its articles.

James Truslow Adams wrote to Dr. Leach "I wish to congratulate you on guiding the destinies of the *Forum* now entering upon its second half-century of public service. I have lived much abroad and have witnessed at first hand the breakdown of what I consider civilization, i. e., freedom of thought, speech, press and action over a large part of Europe. It is absurd to believe," says Dr. Adams "that thought can be repressed in the political and other spheres and yet flourish in the scientific one. The dictatorships of the twentieth century can live only on thought imported from free countries. The countries in which entire freedom of the press and speech still exist comprise an amazingly small part of the world. Even where they do still exist they are rudely threatened. Any magazine such as the *Forum* which still tries to exercise freedom, and to present all sides of a case, is thus doing inestimable service to the highest type of civilization."

THE *Forum* magazine is an amphitheater for the trial and judgment of twentieth century cases—not by main strength and physical prowess are the reasonings of our contemporaries examined but by the presentation of all factual evidence and the X-ray by the insight of the American public—the *Forum* presents the argument, the readers are the jury.

The *Forum* invites the publication of sincere opinions on current problems, matter it not whether these opinions coincide with those held personally by the Editor or the *Forum* staff. "Anyone," advocates the *Forum*, "has the privilege of believing as his mind dictates. That was the principle upon

which our government was founded, and that is the structure upon which our American individualism stands today."

The *Forum* staff is proud of the fact that no lines are drawn, no sides are taken, no cause is championed. Non-partisan, unprejudiced, dispassionate, the *Forum* is interested in any subject affecting the world today. Political entanglements, constitutional upheavals, marital relationships, and economic adjustments, all are set forth within its pages in a clarified and concise manner. Science and its innovations, new poets and the older school of rhyming reason, art, literature, and letters from its readers round out a volume sworn to public service and the interest of intelligent America.

SUBSCRIBERS to the *Forum* are a typical cross-section of the intellectual virility of the American continent. *Forum* tenets are not "highbrow," "high class," or beholden only to the "intelligentsia." The *Forum* magazine is a stronghold for those "who dream but have not dreams their master."

CONTINUING its panorama of periodicals, THE QUILL brings you this month the story of the *Forum* magazine, and, briefly, that of the *Century* magazine, which has been merged with it.

By following this series you will have an historical survey of the leading publications in the periodical world, also, if you are interested in writing fiction or articles for the magazine field, an idea of the type of material their editors are seeking in order to serve their readers.

Clementine Hall, who prepared this article on *Forum*, was a member of that magazine's staff at the time. She since has become associated with the *Stage* magazine.

Next month's article will take you behind the editorial doors of the *Review of Reviews*.



Henry Goddard Leach

Forum articles satisfy some, infuriate others, and rouse a third group to active response in their local communities—whatever the reaction, it is a strong and living one. The *Forum* standard is the banner of Truth, the *Forum* has declared war on stagnation and mental contentment.

"Freedom of speech" and "freedom of the press" are being curtailed all over the world. The *Forum* sponsors not only these over-discussed forms of communication but "freedom of the mind" as well.

Open discussion, not both but all sides of a situation will definitely clear the air of cankerous and festering problems by turning the searchlight of comparative reason on them. Anything that is vital to the American people today, political, religious, economic, social, artistic—to be the clearing-house for mental America—to that the *Forum* is pledged. "'Controversy' in the *Forum* sense," said Dr. Leach in a recent editorial, "does not mean brutish mental pugilism. Controversy is the acutest exercise of human intelligence. Controversy recognizes that no truth ever annunciated by the mind of man is forever and inevitably fixed. Controversy admits that the first chapters of Genesis, yes, even the fundamentals axioms of Euclid are open to debate. Controversy smiles tolerantly at the word 'static.' Controversy enjoys light more than heat. Controversy is aware that more than one conclusion is possible and more than two conclusions."

[Concluded on page 12]

YOU have a novel in your head that you want to write but you are holding down a full-time job and somehow you can't get going on the thing and you want to know how. I'm going to tell you.

Lest there be misunderstanding, let me say right now that I'm going to describe a method of writing a novel, not the method. It is, naturally, my method; the only one I know intimately. To conserve space, I'm going to speak dogmatically, but because of this don't think I consider it the only or the best method. It has worked for me and I hope it works for you, but it may not. If it doesn't, don't despair; find your own method.

Moreover, what I'm going to say isn't especially original. For years, I've read every scrap I could find on creative writing, I've discussed the subject with other novelists, and I've gleaned bits of wisdom from editors, publishers, agents. So this isn't any New Message that overnight will turn you into a combination Balzac, Kathleen Norris and Charles Q. Dickens; but it's at least horse sense.

YOU can't find time to write? That's a laugh. Because, you know, you've simply got to find time. Any way you figure it, writing novels takes unmitigated nerve, and if you don't have the nerve first of all to come to terms with time, you're licked. Figure it this way:

Your job, plus eating and shaving, plus going to and from work, takes 12 hours a day. (That's a generous estimate, unless you're a heavy eater.) You sleep 8 hours. That's 20 hours. You have four hours left each day. Then, you have a day and a half off each week and two weeks off each year. They're also holidays, but we won't consider those. Why, you could write a novel in 52 Sundays if you'd write 2,000 words instead of going to church.

So first of all, make a time schedule. Sleep less. Eat less. I used to arise at 5:00 a. m. and write an hour or so before going to work at 7:30 on the *Des Moines Tribune*. It's a dog's life, but you can do it. If you insist on keeping that job and writing fiction, you've got to do it.

Out of those four extra hours, you've segregated two hours a day during which you are to write. I don't care which two they are; but having chosen them, see that you go to your typewriter every day at that time, and let nothing disturb you. I mean nothing. Your wife has planned an evening of bridge? Laugh loudly and go to work. Some friends drop in? They

SO YOU WANT TO

This Is How One Ex-Newspaperman Writes Them—and They Sell, Too

By THOMAS W. DUNCAN

aren't your friends—not if they interrupt your work. Lock yourself in. Don't answer the doorbell. Muffle the telephone—that's what I do. No one calls anyway except horse's necks who want to sell you insurance.

Remember this: the world isn't interested in your writing that novel. The world will do every fiendish thing in its power to break in on those two hours. You've got to fight back. Lift your voice and cuss and demand your right to self-expression. If you do this, nothing can stop you.

VERY well, you've cleared the decks; you have two hours (three or four would be better) to fight fiction. What are you going to write about?

If you would write interestingly, write about what you're the most interested in. Don't choose a subject; let it choose you. Municipal politics, gambling, the life story of the composing room foreman or of a motion picture operator—anything. A reporter should see subjects all about him. Any character that is worth a half-column feature story is worth a novel. A fine, serious novel could be written, for instance, about a fireman. As long as there is life on the planet, there will be material for novels.

Well, you have your subject; how are you going to tackle it? First, remember that a novel is a story of 80,000 words, more or less. Story in italics. Also caps. No story, no novel. And a story, in workshop jargon, is a plot.

Don't let the word plot scare you. Plot is simply what happens. The plot of the American novel that won the Nobel prize can be compressed into a sentence: Babbitt, an American bourgeois, becomes dissatisfied with the spiritual poverty of his existence, tries to break from the rut, fails, sinks back into the rut. The plot of John O'Hara's admirable *Appointment in Samara*: Julian English, a young auto dealer, drinks himself into jam after jam, finally estranging his wife, and he kills himself.

Comprehend? Plot isn't hard. Reduce your plot to a sentence. (Don't

worry about theme—theme will flash magically out between the lines if you have something to say, and if you have nothing to say you shouldn't be writing novels.) Having reduced it to a sentence, think of that sentence as a vine which is to leaf out, to put forth tendrils, to produce grape clusters. Dream over that plot, allowing your unconscious mind to clothe the bare bones.

AS you drive to work, as you lunch, as you wait in the anteroom to interview some dullard, think about your story. Picture scenes. And get into the plot many of the basic emotions. Love. Death. Sorrow. Hunger. Fear. The purpose of a novel is to stir your reader emotionally and, once you have him at your mercy, to drive home your intellectual message. To do that you must deal with universal emotions.

Simultaneously, as you build plot, you will be constructing characters, and they will determine plot-twists, just as the plot will help mold character.

Any novel that aspires to more than cream-puff entertainment succeeds or fails because of characterization. Think of English drama and fiction and you think of characters. Macbeth, the Wife of Bath, Falstaff, Squire Western, Becky Sharp, Tiny Tim, Long John Silver, Marlowe, Falk—these and a host of others come instantly to mind long after the plots in which they acted have been all but forgotten. Spare no efforts to create interesting characters.

On the other hand, unless there is a strong plot which permits the characters to develop and display their qualities, the characters never come to life; they are like still-born children. *Macbeth* is the story of a man obsessed by ambition, and this destroys him. Imagine that play without the murder of Duncan. Imagine it as a love story—Macbeth wooing and winning Lady Macbeth—or as a triangle story—Lady Macbeth falling for King Duncan—and you get some idea of the way plot affects characters.

Plot builds characters; characters

WRITE A NOVEL—

help determine plot. One hand washes the other.

I'VE just finished writing a novel called *Corn Song*. It picks up an Iowa girl when she's 18, in 1920, and follows her till she's 28. How did I go about constructing my plot and creating my characters?

First, I had an idea: writing a 10-year novel showing the development of a green small-town gal into a wise, mature woman. Next, I thought of background—time and place. Because I know the state intimately, I chose Iowa; and I chose the decade of the Twenties because, when you remember the volcano we were dancing on, it was a dramatic period.

I spent a good many months, off and on, thinking about the girl. At last, I wrote her biography: the color of her hair, her birth date, her height, weight, general characteristics, idiosyncrasies, and her name, Ella Corkhill. All this, mind you, before I wrote a line of the novel itself.

Upon finishing this dossier, I discovered that Ella had the misfortune to be an illegitimate child. She didn't know this, nor did her native town of Sioux Creek. Only her mother and the village banker knew.

SEE how the thing grew? I next wrote dossiers of her father and mother, including facts about their parents and environments. Much of this I didn't use in the novel, but by amassing these facts I was steeping



Thomas W. Duncan

the character of Ella. The novelist must know more about his characters than the reader. You can't get more wine from a keg than has been poured into it.

Basically, my plot was Ella against her environment. (Incidentally, that's the life-plot of any living thing, from an amoeba to a dinosaur.) She was a rather beautiful girl, born poor, whose ambition was to attain happiness. She thought happiness would come by falling in love with and marrying some lad who had a good future, financially and socially.

If she had hooked the first lad she

loved, and had lived happily ever after, there would have been no novel. For fiction must deal with struggle, unhappiness. You have to get your characters swiftly into trouble and keep them in trouble. No trouble, no yarn.

Realizing this, I invented a good deal of unhappiness for poor Ella. She was to have some tremendous ups and downs. Reviewers of my first novel, *O, Chautauqua*, had said that it might have been written by a modern Fielding or Sterne; and indeed, in plotting this one, I found myself favoring a picaresque development. In those ten years, Ella was to go adventuring in the rich, salty half-world of Iowa—back-streets of cities, tin-horn sports, cafes at 2:00 a. m. *Corn Song* was to be a far cry from the type of mid-western novel in which the dumb but honest son of the soil stands gaping in the middle of a muddy field.

THE novel seemed to divide itself naturally into three parts, each section being concerned with Ella's passion for some man. I bought a looseleaf notebook and divided it into sections corresponding to the divisions in the as-yet-unwritten novel. I was busy with other writings, but during spare moments I brooded over this notebook, jotting down ideas, however cuckoo, and filing them in the section where they belonged.

The notebook grew, becoming a catch-all for everything that, by the wildest chance, might pertain to *Corn Song*. Unusual character names, newspaper clippings containing plot ideas, photographs—everything went into my working notebook. I drew maps of locales and floor-designs of houses. From magazines, I clipped interior photographs of rooms in which Ella would live. I enlisted the services of two young ladies, each of whom wrote out a complete wardrobe for Ella.

As the painful day approached when I would begin the actual writing, I spent more hours with this notebook. I drew up a directory of character names—60 or 70—and no matter how fleet was to be the appearance of any character, I knew a good deal about him: his age, his racket, whether or not he suffered from athlete's foot. And I wrote a comprehensive account of what had happened to each important character up to his first appearance in the pages of the novel.

A novelist is a reporter. Unlike the newspaper reporter, who writes news stories of what is happening in the physical world, the novelist writes a story of what happens in an imaginary

[Concluded on page 15]

PERHAPS you've had the plot—or at least part of a plot—for a novel these many months. Perhaps you've actually made several starts at transferring your plot ideas to paper. On the other hand, maybe you've never thought of writing a novel; never will, and wouldn't try it if you did—

But we've a feeling that you will find the comments of Thomas W. Duncan, ex-newspaperman of Des Moines, on novel writing very interesting. Particularly when he gives you the low-down on the way in which his latest novel, "*Corn Song*," came into being.

Giving up newspaper work for fiction, Tom Duncan has produced "*O, Chautauqua*" and "*Corn Song*," novels; a book of verse and numerous short stories. He has short stories appearing in the near future in *Blue Book*, *Detective Fiction Weekly*, *Argosy* and *Grit*, also poems in *Household* and *Poetry*.

"*Corn Song*," he writes, ran some 114,000 words. He has just recently taken out some 20,000 of them. It is scheduled to appear in print some time after the first of the year, probably the early spring season.



J. C. Oestreicher

VULTURES are the only ones with all the luck in Spain's civil war."

This is a random line from a dispatch sent to New York Aug. 5 by H. R. Knickerbocker, famous roving European correspondent of *International News Service*. It's a blunt, brutal line, perhaps, but it was sent when the deafening crash of an air-bomb was still in his ears and the smoke of rifle fire in his eyes.

It demonstrates better than any weighty volume of war memoirs the actual risks undertaken by newspaper correspondents on the most hazardous assignment of recent times—the Fascist revolution in Spain.

KNICKERBOCKER has been through plenty. He has seen and reported dangerous uprisings and extremist demonstrations in Russia, France, Germany and England. He was at the battle front during all of the Italo-Ethiopian war.

But his nominal superiors in headquarters in New York never felt quite such keen concern over his personal safety as the day, when after traveling 22 hours out of the previous 36 over bumpy, shell-infested roads, he cabled a dramatic story of the Spanish rebel offensive with a modest reference to his own narrow escape.

The Spanish story has been a definitely dangerous one from the beginning. The first outbreaks were felt in Morocco, and shifted overnight to Madrid. As is usual in any Spanish crisis, disturbances of a very grave order took place in the direct center of the city itself. Once again was the veteran chief of the Madrid Bureau, Thomas A. Loayza subjected to personal danger, because one of the first

Getting the News

Risky Business, These Revolutions, Trials of Correspondents Reveal

By J. C. OESTREICHER

Director of Foreign Service, International News Service

serious outbreaks took place between Fascist rebels and members of the Loyal Marxists directly beneath his window.

Quite naturally, I recalled instantaneously a previous Spanish revolution. At that time also, Loayza had his offices in the impressive Palacio de la Prensa, the one building in Madrid which may be justly called a skyscraper. In the heat of that revolt, while Loayza was witnessing a pitched battle between combatants in the broad square beneath the balcony on which he was perched, he turned and shouted to his secretary to send the following cable to New York:

"WITNESSING SANGUINARY BATTLE PLAZA CORRESPONDENT RAISED HEAD ABOVE TOP BALCONY FELT MACHINE GUN BULLETS WHISTLE PAST EAR SPLINTERING WALL INTERNEWS OFFICE."

There was only one cable I could send back to him.

"Loayza—KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN STOP WE NEED IT."

FROM Madrid, the revolution quickly spread to the provinces. The throttling censorship which the Spaniards have a particular genius for imposing when the occasion demands was im-

mediately utilized to the full in Madrid. Loayza lost no time in informing us that unless luck was with him to an undeserved degree, he would be able to telephone out of the capital only what the government wanted sent. In addition, he advised that the censor would make periodic visits to our office and allow him to phone only when that redoubtable official, probably daubed with the streaks of a blue pencil from head to foot, sat by his side.

We then knew immediately that the news, the real news, of Spain's revolt, could be obtained only if we sent the best man we had to the point least likely to fall beneath the thrall of that Spanish censor. So we dispatched Knickerbocker to Burgos, headquarters of the northern rebel army, loading him aboard a specially chartered airplane in Paris and hoping against hope that after he crossed the frontier into Spain he would succeed in getting something out.

Knowing Knickerbocker as we did, we were only mildly surprised when he got a dispatch through the same day. To do this, he had to fly back to Biarritz, France, and it was fortunate his pilot was no one less than Captain Robert McIntosh, the British trans-Atlantic ace, for before they reached the border they ran into a couple of Spanish airplanes and had to fly above the clouds to avoid any possible difficulties.

THINGS have been happening so fast in war-torn Spain in recent weeks that we have been unable to obtain any first-hand experiences direct from the strife center.

J. C. Oestreicher, director of foreign service for International News Service, has been able, however, in the accompanying graphic article to picture something of the tremendous difficulties and dangers that the correspondents trying to cover the conflict have been up against.

He knows something of those difficulties himself, having had considerable experience in the London bureau before being brought back to America as cable editor for INS. Later he was made news editor and, subsequently, director of foreign service. He has been with INS since 1923.

Out of Spain—

In addition, Knickerbocker had been met by a machine gun battery on his arrival at Burgos, and he says that only luck prevented the operators from opening fire. Only two hours before, a Spanish government airplane had been shot down by these same machine gunners, and they were all primed to chalk up another victory at the earliest opportunity.

FROM Burgos, Knickerbocker accompanied the rebel army into the Sierras only a few score miles from Madrid, and one day hired an automobile to take him to a town called Col de Leon, still reeking from the smoke of countless shells and dynamite bombs.

Bullets splattered around him as Knickerbocker got a first-hand story of stark staggering war as practiced on the lush hills and valleys of Spain. When he had the information he wanted, he started back to Burgos to find some way to file his story to New York and encountered en route a French Potez army fighting plane, piloted by a Spanish Loyal airman. At this moment, Sefton Delmer, British colleague of Knickerbocker, murmured in calm Oxonian: "Now we're in for it."

Let Knickerbocker tell the story:

"I hammered the chauffeur's arm to make him stop, because we wanted to get out of the car, which was an airman's target. Before our car stopped skidding we all popped out, but before we finished diving over a stone fence the Potez gave us a burst from his machine gun.

"No other machine-gun that day sounded like this one, because this was the first aimed personally at us from a height of not more than 400 feet. The metallic crack of bullets on the stone surface of the road united us in one thought:

"This is one time we may get it."

"We lay under a thorn bush and listened to the chauffeur say his prayers while a second airplane dropped a bomb about ten yards from Delmer. It buried itself in soft earth and didn't explode but its shivering whistle awakened echoes in our spines.

"Once more the Potez returned, ignored our car and looked for us and gave another burst from its machine gun. Nobody got a scratch except Gordon Selfridge,

Jr., who came with us to the front for the fun of it and ruined his trousers and skinned his knee getting over the fence.

"Overhead a flock of dark birds circled the ten-day battlefield behind us. Vultures are the only ones with all the luck in Spain's civil war."

MORE than one chance was taken too by Edward Hunter of the INS Paris staff, who flew to Biarritz during the bombardment of San Sebastian and tried to get into that Spanish city, at that time the summer headquarters of foreign diplomats in Spain, including United States Ambassador Claude G. Bowers. Hunter had to abandon his plan only because no trains or automo-

biles were allowed to cross the border and rebels in San Sebastian fired regularly on the boats trying to make the water passage from Biarritz to San Sebastian along the Bay of Biscay. As a result, no boatman would venture out for love or money.

But Hunter went to Barcelona on the first train sent through, and from that time stayed with the government forces in Catalonia. The whine of rifle bullets and the drumming of machine-gun fire has been his fate also, and few of all the American correspondents dispatched from comparatively peaceful centers to the hot spots of this bloodiest of modern civil wars have escaped nerve-wracking experiences and actual physical danger. They have been guided by only one rule of thumb—the news must get through, let the bullets and the censors be damned!

ROBERT B. HEWETT (Michigan '33) formerly of the Ann Arbor (Mich.) *Daily News* staff is now night telegraph editor of the Decatur (Ill.) *Herald*.

Stuffed Newspapers

[Concluded from page 4]

gaze upon azure waves, and who regret that they left their furs at home.

ADVERTISING is at its best, for the interest of its source, and is a great public service when the circus that is advertising really has the elephants.

It is that sort of advertising, and that alone, which benefits permanently the newspaper, or the manufacturer or the distributor.

If the elephants are there the public will come to your circus, pay at the gate and advertise you.

The elephants the press—and not every paper possesses a Jumbo—must have are, or include, sincerity of pur-

pose and courage to express convictions.

I don't—as I have said—believe the publisher who underrates the value of the individualistic newspaper and overadvertises and overplays features published generally, provides the advertiser with as good a medium as better editing might provide.

If I were advertising ships or shoes, or sealing wax, cabbages or what not, I should value the individualistic newspaper, and I should like papers which index their news and features, not giving fixed position to preferred daily features.

How Do You Rate?

[Concluded from page 5]

THE good will and loyalty of your carriers pays dividends. Their parents, their friends, and their customers share the feeling that the "Daily Newspaper" is a good paper and the job as carrier a good one.

Your reputation as a fair-minded and honest circulation manager grows and the carrier organization you control becomes an effective circulation builder. Better types of young boys are attracted to your organization and

naturally the personnel benefits from this influx of better material from which to develop carrier salesman.

Parents find you sincere in your work of training their boys to be young business men and their cooperation is a welcome aid.

Build up the good will of your carrier organization and benefit from an improved carrier sales group as well as a strengthened appeal of your paper to the reading public.

The Magazine of Controversy

[Concluded from page 7]

THE *Forum's* physical aspect is a very jolly and enticing one. A brilliant red and black cover invites one to enter its pages, and be alert, and gay, and analytical. The size of the magazine is convenient either for the commuter, or the invalid, or as a welcome addition in the guestroom of the thoughtful hostess. The *Forum* is easily opened at any desired place without the necessity for breaking the back, or the fear of loosening its pages. Every article, every page is excitingly illustrated with monosyllabic pen sketches and woodcuts. In each issue there is at least one excellent, full-page representation of art as it is conceived today.

The content of the *Forum* is given in four very definite journalistic devices. Articles of attack, answer, and counter-charge—debates, Socratic dialogue and letters to Our Rostrum. The *Forum* policy is to publish, not propaganda but the honest opinion from honest individuals, firm in belief of their doctrines, presented without malice or prejudice for the approval or censorship of the reading public.

"If the signs of the times mean anything," commented Secretary Wallace of the Department of Agriculture, "we shall have special need of the intelligence and fairness of publications like the *Forum*." A very excellent review of modern books, a comprehensive survey of contemporary poetry and an example of the modern short story finish out a magazine, able in workmanship and worthy in principle.

Because *Forum* is so apt a commentary on the modern world of affairs schools and colleges have adopted it as a runningmate for the textbook. As a supplement to current events, as an aid in the teaching of composition because of its excellent form, and as an indispensable addition to the public-speaking departments in offering subjects for debate and ideas for impromptu talks, *Forum* has become an essential factor in the educational program. *Forum* offers straightforward pointers to the perplexed student in the forming of personal ideas on morals and the philosophy of living; *Forum* evolves as an axis and a basis of conduct in his political development; finally *Forum* enables him to acquire a well-balanced picture of a world that appears hopelessly chaotic through the eyes of the modern press. In like manner, *Forum* is quoted widely by newspapers and periodicals because of its reputation of having a

finger on the pulse of the times and its issuance of a fair diagnosis.

IN March, 1886, Isaac L. Rice founded the *Forum* magazine, and Loretta Sutton Metcalf resigned from the editorship of the *North American Review* to become the editor of this new publication. Walter Hines Page, an exceptional young man from North Carolina with journalistic ambitions, entered the staff as business manager, and succeeded to Editor in 1891. He exhibited such consummate brilliance and endeavor that the circulation of the *Forum* surpassed that of any review of that time. Mr. Page left the *Forum* to join the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1895 and later, during Wilson's administration, was sent as Ambassador to Great Britain through the most difficult years of the war.

Mr. Rice edited the magazine himself for two years, then drew his brother, Dr. Joseph M. Rice, into the editorship. In 1902, the *Forum* became a quarterly and continued in this form for six years until the advent of Frederick T. Cooper, when it again became a monthly. In July, 1908, appeared the beginning of *Forum's* first serial, "The Point of Honor," by Joseph Conrad. Thus began the *Forum's* era as a literary magazine which reached a brilliant climax in the six years of Mr. Mitchell Kennerly's regime.

Upon Mr. Rice's death in November, 1915, a period of financial and editorial readjustment resulted in bringing Mr. George Henry Payne into the presidency of the corporation and the editorship of the magazine. During his three years' tenure he brought the *Forum* back to its historic policies and paved the way for the renaissance that was soon to follow.

The tenth and present Editor of the *Forum*, Henry Goddard Leach, author, lecturer, explorer, is a native of Philadelphia and a graduate of Princeton and Harvard. His intense interest in America for the Americans caused him to accept the editorship of the *Forum* magazine, May 23, 1923. His success has been phenomenal. One year after Dr. Leach became editor the circulation had doubled, and the next year it had increased a thousand per cent. At this time, in order to define more literally the distinctive function of the *Forum*, the subtitle was changed from "a magazine of discussion" to "The Magazine of Controversy." In the words of Dr. Hamilton

Holt of Rollins College, who stated that the record of the *Forum* is bound up with the progress of the United States, not an inconsiderable part of which it shaped, "Character and personality are after all about the only important things in life, and these Dr. Leach has given to the *Forum*."

IN May, 1930, the *Forum* purchased the *Century Magazine*, its senior by 16 years, and "one of the most distinguished names in the annals of American periodical literature." The policy of the *Forum* underwent no change, merely enlarging its scope and carrying forward its progress to a wider audience. The two magazines now appear as one under the title the *Forum* and *Century*.

The *Century* was established in 1870 and was known as *Scribner's* until 1881. In more recent times, the *Century* reached the peak of its prestige in the 1920's under the editorship of Dr. Glenn Frank, now President of the University of Wisconsin. Hewitt H. Howland was editor from 1925 until its absorption by the *Forum*. It has been said that the *Century* deserves tremendous credit—"almost everything that is good in the American magazine today, almost everything that sets it above the English magazine or the continental magazine, stems from the *Century*." It paved the way for the *Mercury*, the *New Harpers*, and the *Forum*—it showed what the public did not want.

In the history of these two distinguished magazines lies the record of American life and letters in the last 50 years. Names of world-wide significance have risen over the horizon of these publications or been precipitated through their pages upon the public for their initial introduction. Darwin's theory of evolution brought the ire of William Jennings Bryan into the *Forum*. Henry James, Anatole France, Lawrence, London, Galsworthy, Wilson, Roosevelt—a panorama of colorful achievement set forth in monthly form, a record of progress and an exhibition of modern advancement.

Today the names of H. G. Wells, Pearl Buck, George Bernard Shaw, Stanley High, Julien Huxley, Frances Perkins, G. K. Chesterton, Fannie Hurst, a never-ending galaxy of people bound irrevocably with the political, social, economic, religious and literary life of our times, are found as contributors. *Forum* and *Century* were founded, striving ever towards completer understanding and education of its readers, the *Forum* and *Century* are rising to greater heights and to an increased panoply of universal achievement.

By J. GUNNAR BACK

AS CONTINUITY director for three radio stations, I have seen a good deal of free-lance material pass across my desk. In some cases I have had a modest authority permitting me to buy some of the material. I have had unlimited authority



J. Gunnar Back

to seal up much of it to be returned.

Free-lance material sent to smaller stations (100 to 10,000 watts in power) must have commercial possibilities. Commercial value is the shibboleth for all free-lance contributions received by network and small station alike. In the case of the latter, it is a very exacting one.

The smaller stations are constantly looking for 5-minute programs that will get listeners. Script and production cost are not high on features of this length. The charge to the client is not much more than that made for ordinary announcements read on the air. Yet the 5-minute program stands out above ordinary announcements and has something of the character of a longer program.

One illustration of a successful 5-minute program is the How-Do-You-Pronounce-It script, giving correct pronunciations and usages of words commonly mispronounced or misused. Others are the Automotive Oddities or the How-To-Drive-Better features that used-car dealers often sponsor. It is impossible for me to give further examples, except to say that these 5-minute features usually employ only a staff announcer or two in production; and are largely informative as far as the audience is concerned. They frequently lean to oddities: Odd Facts About Our City or adaptations of newspaper features, as for example, Our City Twenty-Five Years Ago Today.

I would advise anyone wishing to free lance for smaller stations to call at the radio station nearest to him. The program director or continuity chief is usually quite willing to devote time to explaining the station's needs. What one small station needs, hundreds of other small stations may need also. The local station can also supply

information on the form and technique the script should have. It may also be in the market for something more ambitious than the 5-minute feature.

I have been asked whether small stations buy dramatic scripts. The answer, generally, is *no*. They may put your script on the air as a sustaining feature without paying you, with the promise you'll be paid if a sponsor is found. Each week I get 15-minute dramatic shows from all parts of the country. These are known as one-time shots, that is, episodes complete in themselves for one broadcast. These one-time shots can rarely be sold unless the station has a sponsored theatre of the air and needs individual dramas for it. Otherwise the one-shot show is too isolated in effect commercially and costs too much to produce as a sustaining program. I also receive dramatic shows complete in 13 or 26 episodes. All of these I have sent back thus far. Sometimes they are badly done, but just as often they are returned because we could find no client willing to carry the cost of producing them for the air. We may already be carrying staff-written dramatic shows of a similar nature, or we may be able to buy something of the same kind completely produced on electrical transcription discs.

Again, I would advise the writer having a script show to take it in person to the program director of a radio station. Even better yet, take it to an advertising agency supplying clients with radio shows. Of agencies, an important force in radio, more later in another column.

The networks welcome good dramatic scripts and ideas for radio shows. NBC, I have found, give careful consideration to every free-lance script submitted. The networks have facilities and money to audition free-lance scripts for clients. In many cases the networks put the show on the air on a sustaining basis in the hope of attracting a client. If you're after money, by all means concentrate on the networks. A *First Nighter* or *Grand Hotel* script, commercially sponsored on NBC, pays \$100. *Titans of Science*, on the Mutual network, unsponsored, brings you \$25. The latter is a much harder writing job.

By all means, listen to radio a good deal before you attempt to write for it. Then visit the program director of the nearest station and bring him your idea. Go to the largest station. Throw this column away and begin to write

for radio—or go back to grinding out stories for the pulps.

YOUNG AMERICA, national news weekly for youth, 32 East 57th Street, New York City, is reported by its editor, L. A. Langreich, to be using two serials in every issue and a short story of 800 to 900 words. Payment for short shorts is \$5.00 or more. The serials, which should average between 15,000 and 18,000 words, he adds, are paid for at the rate of \$50 and up. The theme of the serials may be adventure, historical or sport and should appeal to girl readers as well as boys. The age group is from eight to 18 years. "We are also planning on using box gag cartoons for which we will pay from \$3 to \$5," he adds.

RAILROAD STORIES, 280 Broadway, New York City, offers \$50 cash for the best titles to the picture on its September cover, out August 1. First prize is \$25; second, \$15, and third, \$10. Each contestant is limited to one title. Deadline is September 15.

RAILROAD STORIES, 280 Broadway, New York City, will pay \$2 for each letter of 500 words or less printed in its January, 1937, issue (out December 1) dealing with exciting, amusing or pathetic railroad incidents that actually happened on a Christmas or Christmas Eve. Writer's name and address must be given for publication. Each incident should be written by an eye-witness or by someone who got the facts direct from an eye-witness. Deadline, October 3. No letters will be returned.

The undersigned friends of the late Edwin Arlington Robinson are planning to collect and edit a volume of his letters and have made arrangements with the Macmillan Company for their publication. Anyone who has any letters which might have general interest, and who is willing to have use made of them in such a volume, or in the biography of Mr. Robinson which Mr. Hermann Hagedorn is writing, is urged to send them by registered mail to any member of the committee. The letters will be copied promptly, and the originals returned to their owners with a typed copy.

Mr. Hagedorn is making a collection of newspaper and other clippings concerning Mr. Robinson, which will be mounted and ultimately deposited, for the use of scholars, in the Widener Library of Harvard University. He would be grateful if anyone who has any significant clippings and is willing to part with them would send them to him by registered mail at 28 East 20th Street, New York.

Hermann Hagedorn, 28 East 20th Street, New York.

Lewis M. Isaacs, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Louis V. Ledoux, 155 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Percy MacKaye, The Players, 16 Gramercy Park, New York.

Ridgely Torrence, 59 Morton Street, New York.

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• THE BOOK BEAT •

Arthur J. Sarl, whose "Horses, Jockeys and Crooks," Duttons published a short time back, reports that he began his exciting career in a newspaper job under Pethick-Lawrence, a leader of the English Suffragettes. He was later sub-editor on the London *Evening News*; then took to the stage with the late Sir Henry Irving, touring with him in the provinces. This he threw up to become Foreign Editor of what was then called the Scripps-MacRae Press Association of America, under J. W. T. Mason. He has served also as London correspondent of the *Singapore Times* and the *Berliner Zeitung*. He has been on the staffs of the *London Daily Express*, and the *London Daily Mail*; he was racing editor of the *Sporting Times* and racing correspondent of the *London Sunday Dispatch*. But he is best known perhaps as Larry Lynx of the *London People*. He says he has no occupation whatever except "newspaper man."

Joseph Henry Jackson, of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, is the author of "Mexican Interlude," a lively, entertaining story of his motor trip from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City by the Pan American highway. It was published by the MacMillan Co.

Winifred Mayne Van Etten, of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, has been named winner of the Atlantic Novel Prize of \$10,000 offered by the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Company for the "most interesting and distinctive" novel submitted for this year's Atlantic Novel Contest. "I Am the Fox," is a first novel, modern in its design, swift and illuminating in its characterization, of a girl brought up in Iowa of the twentieth century.

Mrs. Van Etten was born in Emmetsburg, Iowa, in 1902, and is a graduate of Cornell College at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, where she has taught in the English Department for six years. She holds a Master's degree from Columbia University. Her husband is Bernard Van Etten.

This will be Mrs. Van Etten's first published book. Aside from one story which appeared in the college magazine of which she was literary editor and was reprinted in "Best College Stories," nothing of hers has appeared in magazines or collections available to the general public. Besides her writing, teaching and housekeeping, Mrs. Van Etten has been a stenographer employed in a bank and various law

offices, and was once assistant to the county nurse, gathering statistics as to the bathing habits of rural Iowa.

The Atlantic Novel Prize, \$5,000 outright and \$5,000 as an advance on account of royalties, is the largest award offered by any American publisher with book rights alone involved. Manuscripts are judged by the editorial staff of the Atlantic Monthly Press. Winners in previous years have been: Mazo de la Roche, for "Jalna" (1927); Ann Bridge, for "Peking Picnic" (1932); Samuel Rogers for "Dusk at the Grove" (1934).

"Caddie Woodlawn" has been awarded the John Newbery Medal as "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children during 1935." This book was written by Carol Ryrie Brink and published by the Macmillan Company.

The Newbery Award is made annually by the children's section of the American Library Association and represents the highest honor in the children's book world. "Caddie Woodlawn" is a story of the adventuresome childhood of a lively little pioneer who lived on the Wisconsin border in Civil War days. Built out of the memories of the author's own grandmother, the real Caddie, this is a book not only of exceptional charm and interesting plot, but of great historical significance because of its rich, authentic background.

Mrs. Brink has written many short stories for children, but her first book, "Anything Can Happen on the River," was published a year ago and was followed by the illustrious Caddie. She lives in St. Paul, Minn., where her husband is professor of mathematics at the University of Minnesota. She has two children—David, 16, who has outgrown his mother's stories and Nora, 9, who enjoys the stories in the making. "Mademoiselle Misfortune," Carol Brink's new book, will be published in the fall, by Macmillan.

The first English correspondent on the scene in Ethiopia, and the last to leave (when expelled by the Italians last May) was G. L. Steer of the *London Times*. He knows as much as one man could glean of what really happened when Mussolini decided to annex the territory of the Lion of Judah, and he has told what he knows in a forthcoming book, "The Crash in Abyssinia," which Little, Brown & Company will publish in this country on October 26.

Why Weeklies Fail [Concluded from page 6]

A mining district will be interested in ore markets, labor legislation, and shipping news. Farm benefit changes and rulings will be vital in an agricultural region. Industrial regulations will be a center of interest for the cities and villages depending on small factories.

All these stories may be written from the angle of the district the paper serves. It requires a little more than scissors and a paste pot. It may even mean laborious digging in facts and figures, but with each new bit of local information a new interest is fostered among the paper's readers.

Side by side must go an active participation in local leadership—an influence that may be supplied only through locally-written editorial columns. No greater surrender is made by the weekly press than that which prompts it to print each week the purchased generalities of syndicated editorialists or the free product of some retired publisher who feels he has a genius for comment.

IF the accepted forms of editorial writing seem uninteresting and dull, there is no finer laboratory for experiment than the small paper. The use

of headlines, small cuts, various mechanical changes might be mentioned. Nor is there better opportunity anywhere for studied experimentation in editorial style.

Still another tonic is needed by many weeklies. This is a new attention to excellence of writing and make-up. No matter how small the paper nor how busy its employees, there is no excuse for writing that does not reveal at least an attempt for grammatical accuracy, evidence of study of good news stories, and effort for improvement. This is equally true with page make-up, headlines, typography, and with the writing and placing of advertisements.

In short, it means that weeklies must be better newspapers. They must not overlook their opportunities in an exclusive field. By proper exploitation they may become so intrinsic a part of community existence no neighboring daily can supplant them and no advertiser with a message can afford to ignore them.

They will remain an important part of the country's working press so long as they show themselves equal to their editorial responsibilities and their newspaper opportunities.

So You Want to Write a Novel

[Concluded from page 9]

world of his own creating. In order to have anything to write about, it is first necessary to construct and people the fictional world. All the background work may seem tedious and even superfluous, but once you have accomplished it, your mind is in a ferment and you are ripe to begin writing.

I started my background work on *Corn Song* in the fall of 1933; I didn't begin writing till two years later. Recording the story in novel form took about five months. If I hadn't thought the yarn through, the writing would have taken much longer.

I'M not going to tell you how to write a novel; nobody can. Style and treatment are intensely personal: by putting fiction on paper, you will discover the manner of writing that best suits your own personality. What I have tried to give you is a working plan that will enable you to organize those vagrant ideas for a novel that have been floating through your mind.

A last word about inspiration. It has been defined as mostly perspiration; I prefer to think of it as the result of work and perspiration. You have spent months dreaming about your novel, in getting acquainted with your characters, in creating the realities of the fictional world. You have built better than you knew: by consciously organizing your material, you have given your unconscious mind the opportunity to manufacture situations and to fill in the outlines of characters.

You begin writing, warming up to the task after a few thousand words. Suddenly one day, the characters actually seem to take things into their own hands, to fight and love and talk without any prodding. No longer are they flat figures on type writing paper; they are living, breathing people, three-dimensional. All you have to do is to record what they are saying and doing. It seems uncanny. It seems that truly a force greater than you is flowing through you, off your flying fingers, onto the typewriter keys;

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KNOWLEDGE
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you feel like the pen-point, rather than like the person guiding the pen.

That is what has been called inspiration. What really has happened is that your unconscious mind has obligingly worked out the yarn for you. All your labor on background is coming to flower. By dint of tedious work, you have strung up electric wires between the forefront of your mind and the deep, unconscious reaches where purr the tireless dynamoes of mental power. The wires are ready! The power is switched on! You have tapped sources of energy that you did not realize you possessed.

That, if anything, is inspiration, and not the least reward of writing a novel is the exhilaration that touches you when that magnificent mental voltage is released.

Announce Contest

Little, Brown & Company announce the first novelette prize contest ever conducted by an American publisher with book publication the aim. This Boston publishing house will pay the sum of \$2,500 as an advance on account of royalties, for the book rights alone, for the most interesting unpublished work of fiction, between 15,000 and 35,000 words in length, submitted before Jan. 1, 1937. The judges will be Bernard DeVoto, literary critic and author; James Hilton, who wrote "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" (one of the most popular novelettes in recent years); and Alfred R. McIntyre, president of Little, Brown & Company. For full particulars write: Novelette Prize Contest, Little, Brown & Company, 34 Beacon Street, Boston.

According to—

"Congratulations are very much in order to you for getting out a smart publication."—HAROLD RHODENBAUGH, librarian, the Washington (D. C.) Post.

★

"I enjoy THE QUILL very much."—Sam Justice, *United Press*, Charlotte, North Carolina.

★

FRITZ OLSEN (North Dakota '34) sports editor of the Bismarck (N. D.) *Tribune* and Miss Mary Comings, of East Grand Forks, Minn., have announced their marriage.

★

JOHN C. HEALEY (Michigan '35) and JOHN J. FLAHERTY (Michigan '36) are on the editorial staff of the Battle Creek (Mich.) *Enquirer & News*.

★

HARRY LEE WADDELL (Ohio University '33) is assistant financial editor of the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Evening News*. Waddell was charter president of the Ohio University Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi.

Ten Commandments for Publishers

By DEAN M. LYLE SPENCER,
School of Journalism, Syracuse
University

1. Thou shalt have no other jobs before me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any political image or any likeness of any image that is political in thy city or thy county or thy state, or that is in the nation above thy state.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I, thy job, am a jealous job, visiting the iniquities of the publishers upon the readers to the third and fourth postal zones, and giving wealth and position unto thousands of them that stay in their plants and stick to their publishing.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy competitor in vain; for thy subscribers will not hold him guiltless that taketh the name of his competitor in vain.

4. Remember Saturday to keep it for thy play day. Five days shalt thou labor and gather thy shekels. But Saturday is the day for thy golf and thy bowling and thy poker. In it thou shalt make thy social contacts, thou and thy bankers and thy automobile advertisers and thy movie advertisers and thy foods advertisers and thy department store advertisers and all that give thy paper support.

For five days thou mayest labor with thy advertising manager, and thy circulation manager, and thy managing editor, and thy labor unions, and all that doeth thee service, but Saturday is the day for thy social contacts; wherefore, they job saveth Saturday for thy sport and enableth thee to make contacts with thy banker and thy heavy advertisers.

5. Honor thy labor union heads and thy banker and thy heavy advertisers that thy days may be long in the town where thy job provideth thee bread and butter and a bowling alley.

6. Thou shalt not kill thy news columns with readers and free publicity.

7. Thou shalt not adulterate thy news with the propaganda of thy political party.

8. Thou shalt not steal thy competitor's business by selling thy legals beneath cost price.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy competitor nor advertise his circulation as less than thine.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy competitor's circulation, thou shalt not covet thy competitor's advertising accounts, nor his press room head or advertising manager, nor his Goss press, nor anything that is thy competitor's.

THE QUILL for August, 1936

WHO • WHAT • WHERE

ROBERT S. MATTHEWS, JR. (Florida '35), of the publicity staff at Stetson University, DeLand, Fla., was reappointed publicity director of the Southern Baptist Summer Assembly at Ridgecrest, N. C., for the fourth consecutive year. Denominational leaders credit Matthews, the youngest person ever to hold this post, with the establishment of one of the most extensive public relations programs ever attempted by a summer religious assembly.

BRACKLEY SHAW (Michigan '33) who returned early in July from a trip to various parts of the world as an assistant in the preparing of travel letters for use in the schools, plans to return to the University of Michigan law school this fall.

GUY M. WHIPPLE (Michigan '35) recently joined the copy desk of the *Detroit Free Press*. POWERS MOULTON (Michigan '33) and ROLAND GOODMAN (Michigan '33) are on the same desk.

CHARLES A. WRIGHT (Temple Associate) won a prize of \$500 for a script on "A Salute to the Modern Newspaper." It was used in an NBC broadcast late in June. The award was made in a contest conducted by the Mergenthaler Linotype Company on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the invention of the Linotype.

Wright, instructor in journalism and director of undergraduate publications at Temple University, was formerly a reporter and radio editor on the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. In his prize-winning script he traced the events preceding Mergenthaler's machine, including the invention of movable type by Gutenberg. The story then followed small printing presses carried in covered wagons into the newly-settled West where small-town newspapers appeared; and it showed the modern newspaper performing its essential functions in the community.

J. GUNNAR BACK (Wisconsin), radio and magazine writer who conducts the "Lines to the Lancers" column in *THE QUILL*, and Miss Mary Stophlet, journalism graduate of the University of Wisconsin last spring and winner of one of the Sigma Delta Chi journalism awards, were married recently. Mr. Back is continuity chief of Stations KFAB and KFOR at Lincoln, Neb.

VAN H. FRIS (Pittsburgh '30), former home delivery manager of the Albany (N. Y.) *Times-Union* and for the past year home delivery manager for the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*, has become promotion manager for Westchester Newspapers, Inc., with general offices at Yonkers, New York.

WILLARD B. CROSBY (Michigan '27), formerly of the editorial staff of the *Yonkers (N. Y.) Herald-Statesman*, resigned to become editor of *Ace-High West-*

ern and Rangeland Love Stories, published by Popular Publications, New York City. He has edited three other western magazines in the past and also has written for the "pulp."

BARNEY SCHWARTZ (Ohio State '33) has joined the rewrite staff of the Akron (O.) *Beacon Journal*. He formerly was with the Dover (O.) *Daily Reporter*.

McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, Inc., announces the appointment of C. D. BENNER to the Atlantic District Sales Staff, New York, to be in charge of market studies and co-ordination of data. Mr. Benner was media manager for Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc., Pittsburgh.

HAMPTON RANDOLPH (Wisconsin '29) and Mrs. Randolph have announced the birth of a son, Richard Emerson Randolph, at Milwaukee, June 17. Mr. Randolph is with the *Milwaukee Journal*.

SAM JUSTICE (Missouri '35) is with the *United Press* in the Charlotte (N. C.) bureau. He previously was with the *Charlotte Observer*.

IKE MOORE (Texas '30) has been appointed Texas state director for a Federal survey of historical records.

NELSON FULLER (Texas '32), formerly with the Bryan (Texas) *Daily Eagle*, has been appointed city editor of the Nacogdoches (Texas) *Daily Sentinel*.

LOYD J. GREGORY (Texas '22), for the last ten years sports editor of the *Houston Post*, has been promoted managing editor.

C. F. WEEKLEY (Baylor '31), formerly with the Ennis (Texas) *Daily News* and more recently with the Dallas office of the Farm Credit Administration, has joined the advertising and publicity department of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company in Dallas.

WILLIAM A. PAYNE (Baylor '31) has been promoted from assistant city editor to city editor of the Dallas (Texas) *Dispatch*.

A. F. HENNING (S. M. U. Associate), head of the department of journalism at Southern Methodist University at Dallas, has been granted a two-year leave of absence after 15 years of continuous teaching.

JOE T. COOK (Texas '30), editor of the Mission (Texas) *Times*, has been elected vice-president of the South Texas Press Association for 1935-36.

ALEX MURPHREE (Texas '29), until recently with the Temple (Texas) *Daily Telegram*, is now editor of the Kilgore (Texas) *Herald*.

FRED W. SPEERS (Stanford '28) has been named city editor of the Wyoming *Tribune-Leader*, at Cheyenne, following his resignation after four years as dramatic editor of the *Denver Post*.

JAMES H. BALL (Northwestern '30) has begun publication of a weekly newspaper in Huntington, Indiana. Ball was graduated from DePauw University in 1929, and received the M.S. degree from the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern in 1930. Following his graduation from Northwestern he was for three years professor of journalism at Oklahoma City University. Since that time he has been associated with his father in the printing business in Huntington.

BEN R. STEWART (Indiana '35) is in the San Francisco Agency, sales department, of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company.

ALBERT L. STOFFEL (Kentucky '31) has been made publicity director for the New Chamberlin Hotel, Old Point Comfort, Va. He was with the Wisconsin *News*, at Milwaukee, Wis., for several years following graduation.

GEORGE BRODET WAITE (Kentucky '31) and Miss Mary Angela Lantz were married July 7 at Louisville, Ky. Mr. Waite has been on the staff of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* since October, 1931.

ROBERT C. PEBWORTH (Indiana '32) has become editorial director of *Trailer Travel*, new publication in the automobile trailer field. His office is at 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

ROBERT McSHANE (North Dakota '34) has joined the staff of the Detroit Lakes (Minn.) *Tribune*. C. WESLEY MEYER (North Dakota '33) has been promoted to editor of the publication.

RICHARD WESTLEY (North Dakota '34) is with the Cargill Grain Co., being in charge of the office at Fairmont, Minn.

JOE W. LA BINE (North Dakota '34), for the past two years managing editor of the New Ulm (Minn.) *Review*, is now assistant manager of sales and promotion work for the Western Newspaper Union, Chicago.

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AS WE VIEW IT

A Vacation Idea

HERE'S a suggestion for an editor's vacation—whether he edits a community weekly, a county seat weekly, a metropolitan daily, a house organ or a national magazine.

Suppose he takes along several copies of his publication for review. Particularly if he edits a newspaper. Let him seek out some shaded nook and there examine his paper from front to back—and back forward again. What kind of a job is it doing of covering the news in its field? In the national field? Has it enough local features? Is its writing sloppy? Trite? Stale?

What improvements could be introduced without having to go to the business office for additional funds? Is it a paper he would buy to read day after day? Or would his opposition's paper appeal to him more.

In other words, wouldn't it be a good idea for an editor to try to put himself in a reader's place once a year? Sure he tries to do that every day—but he can't do it as well in his office, with countless interruptions as he can away from his office, even out of his own city.

There's one principal drawback. A vacation's supposed to be a happy occasion and maybe such a survey would ruin a lot of editorial holidays.

And, while we're speaking along these lines, maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea to have the business manager do the same thing. Maybe he'd be more inclined to listen to the editorial department's plea for additional white space.

It Happened in Hollywood

AS THIS issue of THE QUILL was being prepared, the front pages of the nation's newspapers—or at least a goodly portion of them—were carrying lengthy stories in which considerable Hollywood soiled linen was being aired.

An actress and her former husband were fighting in court for the custody of their 4-year-old daughter. So great was their love for her they were willing to bare each other's lives—and those of others, if necessary—in an effort to gain the desired end. Great love, that. What pleasant reading the clippings of that hearing will be one of these days for the grown-up four-year-old of today.

We may be out of order—but as the case went on we couldn't help wondering why the court didn't stop the hearing and hand down a decision that neither parent should have the custody of the child on the basis of the record.

What Would You Say?

WHILE reading Tom Wallace's remarks in regard to stuffed newspapers—this thought bobbed up again:

Why don't more newspapers bend every effort to giving their readers the best possible coverage of their field and the world? Play down syndicate matter—comics, serials, puzzles, health columns and the long and varied list of things that have been tacked onto the newspaper bill-of-fare over the years?

Why don't more of them play up their own staff members and the members of the press and feature associations who write for them? Give up contests, stunts and the like—also butcher a few sacred cows?

What would happen to a newspaper that cut off all its side-show activities—that made its principal object the gathering, presenting and interpreting of the news—local, national and international—in the most thorough, interesting and attractive way possible?

Would it lose all its old readers overnight? Could it weather the period of change from one type of paper to another—while it was building up a new crop of readers?

It's something to think about.

Sunny Spain

WE certainly do not envy the correspondents covering the civil strife in Spain—they can have the glamor of living and working abroad, also the dodging of bullets, battles with censors and other trials they are undergoing in an effort to present a picture of the turmoil they are witnessing.

Wonder how many American newspaper readers know what all the shooting and shouting is about?

Loyalists, Leftists, Communists, Radicals, Reds, Monarchists—there are so many terms being slung around both in text and headline that we've a feeling the whole affair is more or less a mystery to most readers.

No Wreaths for Avery

ONE thing is certain about the Olympic games—President Brundage of the AAU isn't coming home with any wreaths around his head. The good old AAU and its President seem particularly gifted in getting off on the wrong foot.

To begin with—the way in which the elimination trials were held. On one week-end the cream of America's track and field athletes competed in the National AAU meet—then the next week-end they had to compete all over again in order to win a place on the Olympic team. Why? Many sports writers and followers believe the only reason was to raise money. No matter if runners were "burned out" or injured, as in the case of Beetham, and lost to the team.

Then the Eleanor Holm Jarrett incident—and she certainly didn't get any break from President Brundage or the press. Eliminating her from the team was enough—but then the AAU dictator said she couldn't compete in European amateur events.

Last, but not least of the bright moves of the AAU gentleman, was the suspension of Jesse Owens because he got tired of being shipped here and there over Europe, sometimes with not even lunch money in his pockets, wherever and whenever the AAU heads decreed.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

"What," thundered the Editor, "in hell kind of a reference department are you running up there. We've been looking for a picture of Eiffel Tower for the last half hour and can't find even a roller coaster tower. Why—"

"I've got a picture of that tower up there," broke in the reference department head. "A swell one—I know right where to lay my hands on it."

"Then, by the Great Jumping Jeosophat you'd better lay your hands on it," raged the Editor. "Get going."

Less than 90 seconds later the r. d. h. was back.

"Here she is," he chortled triumphantly. "Right in plain sight, too."

It WAS a picture of Eiffel Tower—and it WAS a good one.

MAKE a four-column cut of this—and rush it," ordered the Editor. "Wait a minute," he called as the reference department staff, again whistling, walked toward the door. "Come here!"

"Now that you've found the picture," he said in that charged, gentle tone Editors sometimes use, "would you mind letting us all in on the secret and tell us just *where* you had that picture filed?"

"Sure," retorted the r. d. head. "Right under the 'P's.'"

"We looked there," observed the Editor. "You mean under the 'P's' for 'Paris'?"

"No," returned the surprised r. d. head, "'P' for 'Post Card.' It's a picture post card of the tower, ain't it?"

YOU get out of any department, of course, just what you put into it. It's just as important as you make it. But even when you've staffed the department well—disturbing mistakes are apt to happen, humorous errors crop up.

The time, for example, one of the newer employees in a certain reference department came to her department head and asked for more filing envelopes. He gave them to her. As she turned to go back to her work, she observed:

"That Col. Gilmore file is certainly a big one."

"Col. Gilmore file?" echoed her boss. "Yes," returned the girl. Puzzled, the head asked her to let him see what she meant.

She took him to the "G's." There, neatly filed, were a dozen or more envelopes all marked "Col. Gilmore." The department head opened them—out cascaded a miscellaneous collec-

tion of pictures—everything from chorus girls, movie queens, cabinet officers and kings, to bucking bronchos.

"What in the world—" he began. Then he stopped. "Well, I'll be—" he resumed.

On the back of each picture in the file was this notation, along with other identification: "1 Col.—Gilmore." Gilmore was the managing editor.

Under much the same circumstances, a puzzled editorial man once came across a "Col. Rush" file in the same reference department. Wondering who "Col. Rush" was, he opened the envelope. He too, found a mis-

cellaneous collection of all sorts of pictures. Each bore on the back this notation: "1 Col. Rush."

WILLIAM L. KIRCHER (Ohio U. '36) joined the staff of the Athens (O.) *Messenger* as city and court reporter after graduation. Kircher was president of the Ohio University chapter of Sigma Delta Chi during the past year.

★

EDWIN J. BUCKINGHAM (North Dakota '35), who completed a year of post-graduate study at the Columbia University School of Journalism in March, is serving as special feature writer on the *Pierce County Press* at Rugby, N. D.

Contact!

NO MAN begrudges advancement in his profession. Rather, he constantly hopes for it, regardless of his position. Yet, often he neglects doing the things which offer the best channels to advancement.

Likewise, an employer often hires the man who is close at hand, yet not qualified, because he neglects to look in the right place for the right man.

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Editor & Publisher TOPICAL INDEX

(January to June, 1936)

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